

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXVII.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1898.

NUMBER 5

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## "MORE COPY!"

THE editor sat in his weary chair,  
His fingers knit in his unkempt hair,  
While on his nervous ear there fell  
Full oft the printers' frightful yell—  
"More copy!"

He went 'way out in the country where  
He dreamed he'd never hear of care,  
But he found it had him on the list  
For the bees and breeze and trees all  
Hissed—  
"More copy!"

He went to church but he couldn't sleep,  
For the speaker's voice was harsh and deep;  
With a fog-horn's strength it seemed to  
shout,  
And the choir and organ to thunder out—  
"More copy!"

He wandered off to a lonely spot  
By the wet, sad sea, and he questioned,  
"What  
Are the wild waves saying?" when with a  
roar  
They shrieked till they nearly split the  
shore—  
"More copy!"

Then he sat him down and he wrote this  
verse,  
And he sighed that he couldn't write it  
worse,  
But there's never a printer since that day  
With the nerve to go to him and say—  
"More copy!"

## The Sculptor of Florence.

### I.

"You name a large sum for your task."

"Milady has no need to accept my terms," responded Andre Londini, the sculptor.

"But I desire to engage your services; I am rich, and my wishes are usually gratified to the full." "I never bargain," said the sculptor; "it matters to me little whether my art is placed at your service or not."

"You are very independent," responded Lady Montaine, with a cold smile; "but you are famous, and no doubt much sought after." Londini bowed: "I have much to do to-day, and wish to commence," he said, almost curtly.

Lady Montaine was indignant. She had come to the sculptor to honor him as a goddess would a human mortal. He viewed the matter differently, and seemed in no way anxious to accede to her request, for at first he had refused outright, and afterwards named a price for his work that surprised the richest woman of the season.

"I agree to your terms," she eventually responded; when would be convenient for a first sitting.

"At once, if you agree to remain; I can continue my other task this afternoon," replied Londini.

"Where shall I sit?" asked Lady Montaine.

"Here, close to this block of marble," said Londini. The sculptor was indeed brusque, it seemed. He did not even look towards his visitor, but turned partly aside from her as he motioned to the chair, which was not, as is usual, placed in an elevated position.

"Do you think I make an effective model?" asked Lady Montaine, as she looked at the sculptor.

"I cannot say until I examine the contour of your features," answered Londini. Then to the surprise of his model the sculptor moved slowly towards her and passed his hands softly across her shoulders and then over her face. "You are—" began lady Montaine.

"Blind," said the sculptor; "yes, but my art is true and my conception of light and shade unerring. Fear not for the result of my labor. My fame was achieved after the world became to me a blank nothingness."

Lady Montaine was interested, and that was for her a new experience. Left an orphan at an early age, she possessed a woman's great gift, for she was indeed beautiful. Her rank, beauty, and fortune had attracted into her presence a throng of suitors whose flattery had fed her vanity, until the finer nature of the imperious woman had been almost stifled. To patronize art had been one of her whims—it evinced good taste on her part, and served as a theme for her admirers to discourse upon. Andre Londini, passing his deft fingers across her haughty face and brow, read her character with the power which the blind alone possess fully, and his face plainly showed that the result was not satisfactory from an artist's point of view.

"Well," said Lady Montaine, as his hands fell impassively to his

side as he finished examining her features, "what do you think of the task before you?"

"Your wishes shall be adhered to, and I will faithfully reproduce your features; but I am not a flatterer, and I cannot promise that you will be contented to view my work with satisfaction when it is finished," said Londini.

A strange sculptor, indeed. What could be lacking that he should make such a response, when all the servile train that followed her saw only beauty where he found defect? She blushed at the remark as she replied:—

"You are certainly frank if not courteous; perhaps you will gratify my curiosity sufficiently to enlighten me as to why you are disappointed in my features, since most men consider me handsome."

"If you wish it," said Londini, "I will do so; the telling will do you no good whatever, for the world has spoiled one of its fairest daughters." "Proceed, I pray you," said Lady Montaine; "I am never lectured—it is an unknown luxury left behind since the days of childhood."

"You are interested in what I say, my lady," responded Londini, "only because your curiosity is aroused. If you could be taught to feel, then my fingers would be able to fashion a perfect face."

"You think I am indifferent to the common joys and woes of humanity. Can you describe the past as well as present qualities? It is something entirely new to me to have a true mirror placed before me," said lady Montaine.

"A spoiled child, the idol of a crowd; a woman to whom love is an unknown realm, and one in which she may never wander," answered Londini, rather to himself than his model.

"You are right, and yet you are wrong," replied the sculptor's subject; "the future is unknown to each of us in this world; who knows what may lie before me?"

"I will not venture to say," responded Londini; "for me there is art, and I am content. One day you, too, may seek in some pursuit to forget the dark shadow which may fall across your life."

Lady Montaine, looking at the sculptor, saw he was deeply moved. The eyes so useless were covered for a moment with the sculptor's hand, as though to shut out the view of a dreary lifetime. The face of the sculptor, in spite of its silent defect, was indeed worthy of observation. Of a pure Italian mould, it had the stamp of character that was strangely wanting in so many of Lady Montaine's circle; there was a proud carriage in the way that the sculptor bore his head that showed the man was no mere copyist of the human form, for he had the power to conceive and to execute studies in marble that had, as she was aware, won admiration for his work from the most noted connoisseurs of Europe. Sitting near the sculptor as he pursued his task, Lady Montaine felt that she was fortunate in securing so much amusement out of what had been expected to be a tedious visit. No doubt he was right; it was who surrounded her were too servile to speak the truth, but yet flattery was part of her life, and she thought that she could not live without it. The artist must be spoken of to her friends; she had found a treasure in Florence. Artists were usually so pleasant—what a pity that he was blind!

Londini, deeply interested in his art, had grown silent, and it was with a sigh of relief that the interview was ended; she must come again at mid-day to-morrow. "I cannot accompany you to the studio door," said Londini, with an air of apology.

"There is no need whatever for that," replied Lady Montaine, and a moment afterwards she had disappeared.

"A woman of the world," muttered Londini to himself, "and utterly devoid of soul." Then feeling his way to a door on the right of his studio, he opened it and called: "Guilda, I am waiting for you."

There was a noise of little feet pattering down the staircase, then a girl of some seven years of age rushed at the artist with a merry laugh and clung to his hand. Londini raised the child and kissed her.

"Little sweetheart," said he, "you shall be famous; when I am dead the world shall say, 'Londini was an artist born, for he chiselled Guilda, the shepherdess,'" and smiling he placed the child on the chair which his visitor had vacated, and, uncovering a block of marble near, continued to render the rough shape more like the model which it was ultimately to represent, pausing from time to time to touch the child's face and rippling hair that fell in profusion over her shoulders.

The child sat watching the progress of the work with glee, until a moment when Londini took her from the chair into his arms and kissed her fondly.

There was one ray of light left in the world for the sculptor, and it was love of the little one he held fast to his breast.

### II.

"It is a study—from real life," said Londini in reply to a question from Lady Montaine one day, as she stood gazing on the almost finished work representing Guilda.

"And who is the child?" asked Lady Montaine. "She is very beautiful, if the marble represents her correctly."

"That is a difficult question to answer," responded Londini, "since it involves my own history."

"I am eager to know why you chisel a childish form with such laborious patience, for it is evidently to be an artistic triumph," said Lady Montaine. "The world is so incongruous: you who are blind see the imperfections and beauties which others pass by."

Londini, proceeding with the shaping of the head of Lady Montaine in marble, was at first reticent with regard to the details sought; but becoming animated with the subject of little Guilda, he sketched in words the strange history of the child whose fate was so involved in his own that he began by describing his early career.

"Although I was born in Florence," began Londini, "my early life was spent in Russia, in the Southern district of Kharkof. There, when my school days were over, I first devoted myself to art, and in my studio spent the long, dreary winter. I was busily employed one day with a model, when the studio door was violently thrown open and woman entered bearing a child in her arms. Her appearance was that of one in great distress of mind, the cause of which I was soon to learn. Her husband, it transpired, had, after a brief married life, been sent to the Siberian mines, and the woman had joined in some plot having for its object his release. The intrigue was discovered, and she had barely time to snatch up her child and escape from her room, which was in the same house where my studio was situated, before the officers entered it. Traversing a side staircase she reached my studio and falling down before me implored my protection for her and the child. I had barely time to conceal them in the room which was adjoining to the one in which my labors were carried on, when the door of the studio was thrown open and the Russian officials entered."

"You are a naturalized Russian, are you not?" "I am," I replied, wondering why the question was put.

"Then you are amenable to the laws of the country—be careful how you answer my interrogations." Sitting down in a chair, the officer drew a pocket-book out, and began:—

"How many persons reside here?" "I do not know," I replied.

"You are cautious, but the question must be answered." "I cannot answer it," I responded; "I make no friends in Russia."

"Where is the woman who usually occupies the rooms above?" questioned the officer.

"If you know her apartments, why not search them?" I replied.

"You evade the question. Do you or do you not know her whereabouts?"

"I do, but the information is no part of my affairs, and I refuse to answer," I replied.

"Take care. Siberia is cold and the mines are before you if you refuse to give the answer. You are liable to be treated as an accomplice, as perhaps you are."

"That may be, but I have no other answer to give. I will not betray a woman."

"You are resolute?" questioned the officer.

"Quite," I responded. He looked towards the four officials who accompanied him, and in another moment I was making an ineffectual struggle for liberty. I need not proceed further—you will guess what that happened, doubtless," said Londini.

"The mines?" questioned Lady Montaine.

"Yes, I was sentenced to pass a term of imprisonment there, and marched with the next batch of victims bound in that direction. It was a dreary journey. Hundreds and hundreds of miles in the winter. Over the steppes of Russia, through blinding snowstorms, we were hurried along, guarded by the soldiery, who met our entreaties for rest or shelter with taunts and blows."

"But you were not destined to stay in Siberia long?" interrogated the sculptor's model.

"Unhappily, no. I say unhappily, because within one year of that time a free pardon was conferred on me. Can you guess the reason why such clemency was bestowed on me?"

"Your innocence was perhaps proved," said Lady Montaine.

"The reason is before you," replied Londini, sadly.

"I understand," said Lady Montaine.

"What a dreadful sequel," and she looked at the sculptor's sightless eyes.

"Coming back from the mines, I found that the woman was dead and the child alone. I, too, was desolate, and so little Guilda and I left the country which had been so full of misery to both, and, coming to Florence I tried to forget my sorrow. It was a terrible affliction, but one gets used even to being blind, Guilda has been to me the one hope of my life. For her I took up again my chisel, and, in spite of failures, found at last my labors rewarded, for the world has treated my productions with kindness, and with Guilda's love I am content, for who would marry a blind artist?"

Londini was sitting by the child's bed when the card was read to him by the messenger. He was indeed stricken heavily, for the physician who had been hastily summoned held out no hopes for the child lying there. "Why I should let this woman enter the chamber of death?" he thought. He was unable to control his emotions, and she would learn what he tried to conceal. Yet it was a request that he could scarcely refuse. Turning to the messenger, he answered in the affirmative, and Lady Montaine softly mounted the stairs and entered the room. Looking at the sculptor, she saw the despair on his face as he held in his hands the childish grasp so soon unclasp its hold. Stooping down, Lady Montaine touched the child's brow with her lips softly, then spoke to the sculptor.

"Is there no hope for her?" she asked, sadly.

"None," returned Londini, as he wiped the death-dew from the child's brow; "she is dying fast. My Guilda is leaving this world of sorrows, and I am alone, and the sculptor vainly tried to his emotions as he turned his head aside.

"Andre," whispered the child, "I am going to papa. He lives in a beautiful palace, you said."

"Yes, Guilda," said Londini, as he bent over her "can you see?"

"It is dark, so very dark, but I can see someone; are you still here, Andre? You must not let go my hand, or I shall miss the way."

"Guilda, my little sweetheart," said Londini, as he clasped the child's hands still tighter. "I am here by your side and hold your hand."

Guilda opened her eyes slowly and turning them on the face of the blind sculptor, said:

"I see my papa's palace, and mamma is there . . . holding out her arms to me." And Andre Londini stood by the bed on which lay the dead form of his one treasure which his eyes could never see.

Londini flung himself by the side of the still child, and his grief was uncontrolled. At last he rose, and turning to the woman beside him, he said:—

"Leave me, I pray you; the blind sculptor is without love or hope."

The world and its fleeting joys seemed indeed trifling to her whom Londini addressed. She approached the sculptor, her arms wandered over his shoulders and her tears fell upon his face. Andre drew her closer to him, for there, in the presence of death, he knew that one life would be left to cheer the darkness that shut out the day from his afflicted gaze.

Lady Montaine's friends were as

studio, the child following her to the door with a strange, wistful glance at the imperious beauty's face.

Andre Londini had good reason for his silence as he bent over the little shepherdess that represented Guilda. She was the one object that inspired him to produce his marvelous works; could any one take her place? And the sculptor felt that he was indeed blind, for the garden of love was denied his sight save in the child, who clung to him as he left the studio with a strange, faltering step.

### III.

"You cannot see the sculptor to-day," said Londini's attendant one day.

"Why?" questioned Lady Montaine, with a surprised air.

"Guilda has met with an accident, and he will not leave her," was the response.

"An accident! When?" asked Lady Montaine.

"This morning, and the child is dying," said the woman. "She was playing in the studio while Londini was at work on a model, and, unfortunately, she overturned a massive vase. She is so small that the weight crushed her little form, and Londini cannot see anyone to-day, for he will not leave her."

"Will you deliver a message to him?" asked Lady Montaine; and taking out her card-case, she hastily scribbled upon the back of one of the pieces of pasteboard a brief request; "May I see Guilda before she dies? Do not refuse me," and sent the message, waiting in the studio for the reply.

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Lady Montaine's friends were as

surprised as they were grieved that she should devote her life to a blind man. Yet, when from time to time they heard from her, the choice which she had made seemed to have brought her happiness only; while he, whose guide she became, found in her love all that the heart of man can receive from the woman whose fate is linked with his.—*Standard Magazine.*

## GALLAUDET HOME.

On Sunday, January 9th, Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain officiated in the chapel, but there was no afternoon service, as he had to board a train for Fishkill, where he crossed the river to Newburgh. He preached to a number of deaf-mutes in the Church of the Good Shepherd. They were glad to meet him again, and gave him a New Year greeting. Mrs. Borland of the ladies committee of the Home, went on a tour of inspection through the buildings last month.

Miss Margaret Thompson was here for a week lately, to do some dress-making.

The inmates were surprised and pleased upon opening their JOURNAL papers of December 30th, to see several pictures representing the interior and exterior of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, those of them who were educated at the school are proud of it. Well they may be.

Matron Davis has a handsome Alaska seal skin cape, which she purchased in New York a short time ago.

Mrs. Kipp was driven to a dentist's in the village a few weeks ago, to have two troublesome teeth extracted.

On a recent Saturday, Janitor Gardner left here for Brooklyn, N. Y., to be sponsor the next day for his little grand children, a boy and a girl. The baptism took place in an Episcopal Church on Atlantic Avenue, the name of which we were unable to ascertain. Mr. Gardner's oldest son, William, was in charge of the men's department during his absence.

Mrs. Mary Wayland Carlin, a deaf-mute lady, sent some things to the Home this winter. Her kindness was greatly appreciated.

We have a new nearly-bound visitors' book, on the fly leaf of which is written: "Presented to the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes by Daniel Jackson, September 15, 1897." Rev. Dr. Chamberlain was the first person to register his name.

Last month Mr. Sprague made a doll's arm chair, a tiny footstool and a vase, for Mrs. Davis' little granddaughter. The back seat of the arm chair and the top of the stool are cushioned. Helen sent her blind friend a pretty china cup and saucer, as Christmas remembrances.

Those of the inmates who were fortunate enough to have copies of the JOURNAL of January 13th, in which the last Home letter appeared, sent their papers to relatives or friends, as they wanted them to know about Christmas and how they enjoyed it.

Mrs. Nettie Gardner, wife of our Janitor, called at the Home recently and stayed over night.

Mr. C. Quincy Mann held chapel services here on Sunday, the 23d ult. He informed us of the death of Miss Florence Leary, which occurred at the home of her parents in Tarrytown, N. Y., January 12th.

The funeral took place the following Friday afternoon, from St. Mark's Episcopal Church. Rev. Dr. Redding officiated, Mr. Charles W. Van Tassel interpreting for the deaf-mutes who were present. The interment was in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Tarrytown. Miss Leary was stricken with malaria, which worked its way into hasty consumption, thus terminating her earthly existence. She had been ill but a short time and was nursed with loving care, but the grim messenger spares none. She was twenty years old, in full possession of her faculties. Mr. and Mrs. Leary are overwhelmed with grief, for Florence was an only child. They have our sincere sympathy in their sore bereavement. Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.—St. Matthew 5-4.

In a small fancy basket on a table in the library room, are photographs of the Prince of Wales, Mary and the infant Jesus, the Empress of Prussia, the Prince of Wales' family, Queen Marguerite, and King Humbert of Italy. A handsomely carved pedestal stands in a corner of the apartment, and on it is an American Eagle with wings outstretched. The property belonged to St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, but was brought here for safe keeping. It will probably be turned over to the new edifice, when it is erected.

Some time ago the women had a sleigh ride to Wappinger Falls, and enjoyed it. The first party consisted of Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Barnhart and your humble scribe. Next day, Mrs. Graham, Miss Fischel and Miss Spear took their turn, and day after that Mrs. Clark, Miss Lockwood and Mrs. Kipp went. They were treated to glasses of hot lemonade.

Since the Home was transferred from its quarters in New York City to this beautiful place, in the spring of 1886, forty-one deaf-mutes have been sheltered under its roof. Some of them were dismissed for various reasons, twelve have died, two of them left and got married, another was put in an almshouse by his father, and two were taken to a hospital where they still remain.

Mr. Henry S. Lewis, of Waterbury, Conn., expects to make his friends here a visit before long. They have not forgotten him at all.

LOUISE.

Jan. 25, 1898.

## MORE ABOUT IT.

### FROM THE "SILENT" PRESS

The patriotism of the New York JOURNAL was put to the test by the action of the postoffice authorities recently. Special preparations had been made for issuing a handsomely illustrated Christmas number, and when the edition was finally printed and sent to the postoffice there was general satisfaction in the sanctum over the result. But unfortunately there was an "ad" on the last page, of a raffle or some similar enterprise which Uncle Sam's officials regarded as a violation of the postal law against lotteries. So the papers were taken back home, the force was assembled, and put to work pasting slips of blank paper over the offending ad. Again the bundles were sent to the postoffice, but in vain. The papers could not be permitted to pass through the mails and so the entire edition had to be re-printed. Any one who desires to secure a quantity of handsomely illustrated wrapping-paper at reasonable rates will find it to his advantage to apply at the JOURNAL office.—*California News.*

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for New Year's came out as an illustrated paper with numerous half-tone cuts illustrating very fully the buildings, grounds, and work in the many different departments, of the Fanwood School where it is published. The edition is a success in every way, and is of much interest and value to all who are interested in the education of the deaf.—*Silent Worker.*

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for December 30th had a hard time before it reached the hands of its readers. An advertisement of a ball in which a watch was advertised as a prize caught the attention of the lynx-eyed mail inspector, who thereupon refused to allow the paper the privilege of the mails. As a consequence the whole issue had to be printed over again. You have our sympathy, Mr. JOURNAL.—*Maryland Bulletin.*

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL had a horrid lot of trouble over that fine Christmas edition, because the mail inspector took it into his head that the printing of an offer of a gold watch to be drawn by lot was contrary to the postoffice prohibitions in regard to the lottery law. We are sorry for the additional work entailed, in getting out the whole edition again without the offending particulars about the watch.—*Minnesota Companion.*



Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1898.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.  
One copy, one year, \$1.00  
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CONTRIBUTIONS.  
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.  
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Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Whoever wrong is done  
To the faintest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most true,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

WE reprint from the *Silent Worker* an article entitled "The Deaf Against the Sign-Language." The writer is a deaf young man who has been educated by means of the manual alphabet—at least his statements admit of the assumption.

It must be admitted that he comes out squarely in presenting his views. There are none of the elusive generalities in his article that usually exist when the sign-language is attacked and to a certain extent frustrate opposing comment. The writer makes his charges clear and concise, and it would be gratifying to the editor of the JOURNAL if some of the prominent deaf gentlemen who so thoroughly understand the sign-language and know its value, would take up the gauntlet so boldly thrown, and do battle for their convictions.

On St. Paul's Day, January 25th, 1877, twenty-one years ago, the Rev. Austin W. Mann, M.A., received ordination to the Diaconate at the hands of Bishop Bedell, at Grace Church, Cleveland. It was the first function of the kind performed west of the Alleghenies, and accordingly excited widespread interest. It followed the ordination of the Rev. Henry Winter Syle, M.A., a little over three months.

Previous to his ordination, Mr. Mann had worked three years as Lay Reader. It is believed he is the second deaf person licensed as such since Apostolic times—Mr. Samuel Adams, of Baltimore, now deceased, being the first. Mr. Mann received his first license from the Bishop of Michigan in the Fall of 1873, and held occasional services at Flint, Detroit and Jackson. He did not begin active itinerary labor until July 1st, 1875, when the work now known as the Mid-Western Deaf-Mute Mission was started.

On Sunday, October 14th, 1883, the Rev. Messrs. Syle and Mann were advanced to the Order of Priests by their respective Bishops, —Stevens and Bedell—at the Church of the Covenant, Philadelphia. The event took place during a General Convention of the Episcopal Church, and was telegraphed all over the country and to Europe. The death of Mr. Syle some seven years afterwards, places Mr. Mann first on the brief list of Episcopally ordained deaf-mutes.

THE receipt of the Tenth Biennial Report of the Maryland School is acknowledged. It has been printed by the pupils of the school, and in presswork and typography is very creditable.

Services in the Diocese of Albany.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH.  
3:00 P.M., St. Mark's, Hoosick Falls. Evening Prayer.  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH.  
10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy. Morning Prayer.  
3:30 P.M., St. George's, Schenectady. Evening Prayer.  
7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany. Evening Prayer.  
H. VAN ALLEN,  
Lay Missionary.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 30—Again a faculty lecture comes to the rescue of the college letter, saving it from the ignoble fate of appearing as some half a dozen unimportant items. I hope the reader will not think this is the only reason I value the lecture, but though an incidental one, it is not without its weight. But it is to be hoped that the reader may find the address though rather long, as interesting and instructive as did the students. It was delivered Friday evening, by Prof. Ely, and on a subject of which he is well qualified to treat.

[We regret that want of space compels the postponement of this very interesting and instructive lecture until next week.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Saturday evening the junior gave a social in honor of their victory in the bowling tournament. It was an old-fashioned party, in which the hosts were prominent mostly as the proposers of various old-fashioned games. It lasted from eight to eleven.

The play by the S. N. D. C. has been postponed from the 12th till the 19th of February. It is a comedy-drama entitled "Uncle," by Henry J. Byron. Carrell, '00, has been chosen to succeed Stutsman, '99, on the Committee on Play.

Mr. Peterson, '98, delivered a lecture on Gulliver's Travels, to the Kendall School pupils, Friday evening.

Messrs. Whitlocke, '97, and Harris, ex-'01, were up the latter part of the week from the former's poultry-farm at Nanjemoy, Md., down the river. The latter has returned to his Iowa home. His employer will dispose of his "estate," and start the latter part of this week for Illinois, to go in business with a brother there.

Mr. James Moylan, of Washington, and Mrs. Annie Holt, of North Carolina, for some time the guest of a sister here, both parties deaf, were married last Wednesday. Mr. Peterson, '98, was the only guest from college.

Dr. Gallaudet was the guest of Vice-President Hobart, at a reception given by the latter, Friday evening.

The city has had two distinguished guests the past week. One was Nansen, who was here a short time ago, also. The other was President Dole, of Hawaii, Friday. The ducks were fortunate in having their recess hour from 11:15 to 12:15, and so were enabled to go to the B. & O. depot in time for the train by which the President arrived, and caught a glimpse of him.

Mr. Wyand, I. C., has been called home by the sickness of his father.

Mr. Erd, '98, and his brother of the Kendall School, have both ordered bicycles—"Sterling '98." They were bound to have the best; and made the purchase, it must be confessed, with due deliberation.

Prof. Hotchkiss delivered the Sunday afternoon lecture, his text being Galatians 6 : 7, 8.

Our first snow to stay came on yesterday evening, and continued most of the forenoon, leaving the ground covered with about four inches of the beautiful. It was just of the right degree of moisture to make good snow balling, or for a snow-bath either, as the duck-boys all learned to their cost.

A. E.

Deaf-Mutes for Klondike.

PROFESSOR FRANCIS GEORGE JEFFERSON, OF CHICAGO, HEARD FROM AGAIN.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:

MY DEAR SIR—You know very well that I and the Chicago deaf-mutes with Professor McGregor at their head had many severe battles respecting peddling grip-bag, and for this purpose I am in Canada so as to go by the Mackenzie River, which has a water way North for a thousand miles and there are 200 Hudson Bay Co. stores every 200 miles. I start about the middle of February, and I will ask my friends and others in the United States help me to get enough cash for six months provisions and also enough wood to make a boat, with a warm room with a stove in, that will be more useful than a tent. You all know I lived in Chicago for 8 years and I have lived in Manitoba and Montana, and being a great traveler and having been a sailor to Constantinople, in Turkey, and China, you will find that I will do my duty faithfully and never turn back, and if I am successful, I would donate a part of my gold to the welfare of the poor deaf-mutes out of work, both in the States and also in Canada, and if any deaf-mutes want to accompany me, I will guide them safely and look to their comforts if they can get six months' provisions.

Yours respectfully,  
FRANCIS GEORGE JEFFERSON,  
8 De Grasse St.,  
TORONTO, ONTARIO,  
CANADA.  
Jan. 11, 1898.

THE DEAF AGAINST THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

In a letter to the *Deaf Mutes' Register*, in October last, a reference was made to a statement by Dr. Gallaudet in the September *Annals* in regard to the schools in which signs were not used, to which the writer of the letter from out of his personal experience took exception. At the same time, in courtesy to this high authority, the writer allowed that he had not the same objections to the use of signs by the deaf after they leave school that he had to their use at an institution for the deaf.

In response to a request that he should explain why, a reply was written at length and sent to the editor of the *Register*, who, however, used only a brief extract from his letter of explanation in smaller type, and stated that the reason he did not publish it all was that it was an advertisement of the Rochester school and so not printable matter. The writer had no purpose to advertise any school, but rather to state his conviction that it was a disadvantage to the deaf to use the sign-language, especially while at school, where sign should positively never be seen. If such a letter as this, in which there is no reference to any school, directly or indirectly, is an advertisement of any particular school, the writer would say, glory to the school whose methods it approves and shame to the school or schools that it seems to condemn. The following is, in substance, the reply that was sent to the *Register* in response to its request for a clear statement or explanation. It has been revised by one of my schoolmates whose convictions upon the points covered by this letter agree with me.

A deaf child is sent to school primarily to learn to use and to understand English, and any use of the sign-language deprives him, to that degree, of the language he is set to learn. By the time he has finished his school course, however, he should have become so well grounded in his knowledge of English that thereafter an occasional and comparatively limited use of the language, or any other language, should not noticeably affect his use of English. The only occasions, however, which should justify such use of signs would be conversation with those who have been compelled to acquire the sign-language by their training or associations, and who now are not able to use English easily. Against the use of signs by these good people, no one can say a word. It is not their fault. They absorbed what was about them. If their lives have not been fed by the best intellectual food, they are deserving of commiseration and sympathy, but not of blame. Those who taught them believed they were doing the best that could be done for the deaf—they owe to these good, but mistaken, instructors, a debt of gratitude for the good they really did them, though they have a right to regret that their teachers did not understand that more could be done and more easily through English.

Dr. Gallaudet tells the deaf that signs are their natural language, and that they are graceful to use and easy to understand, and that a great blessing is being withheld from them if signs are not given them. Yet he told the instructors of the deaf many years ago that this language of gestures would hinder rather than help us, and the statement he first made agrees with our judgment rather than his more recent specious pleas for the use of the sign-language.

How did the deaf get the sign-language? Where did it come from? Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet deserves great honor for what he did for the deaf. He accepted a commission to find out in Europe what could be done to educate the deaf, and in a short time returned to America with all the information he had been able to gain and became the principal of the first permanent school for the deaf. He was not responsible for the sign-language; he did not invent it; no American would have done such a thing; it was a foreigner, a Frenchman, who invented this strange and wonderful little language. Dr. Gallaudet did not even bring it to this country, but brought an educated French semimute, named Clere, with him. But neither was Clere himself responsible for the sign-language. He had been taught it, and so supposed that it was the best language for the deaf to use, and hencever found out that the deaf could learn more and have a better time among themselves through the use of the language and literature of the hearing, to the exclusion of any special language devised for them as a class.

In the school the writer attended, in which no signs are used, the memory of Dr. Gallaudet is honored no less than at the schools where signs are made the natural language of their pupils. In that school the name of Gallaudet is revered as the first great benefactor to the deaf in the country, and a large oil painting, beautifully framed, has a conspicuous place in the main hall, and we honor every living educator and friend of the deaf.—Dr. Gillet, A. L. E. Crouter, Dr. G. O. Fay, Dr.

Gordon, Miss Yale, Dr. Bell, Mr. Edmund Lyon, and a great many other friends of the Deaf.

A feature of the work of a school where English is used among the deaf by means of manual spelling, of great importance to those who are born deaf, is that there the congenital deaf have about as good a chance to learn to use English as have semi-mutes. In examinations, sometimes, they even lead their school. In New York State, at the annual examination last year, the one to whom was awarded the prize for having written the best composition in that examination, was a congenital mute, taught without signs.

I would indorse the following statements, by a lady who is deaf and who acquired the basis of her knowledge of language through manual communication. I may not have quoted her words exactly, but they embody my sentiments:

The signs of the sign language are few in number; the whole language is so small and simple that it is easily learned by even the very stupid, but it has no more for the most bright and intelligent. It will only carry the little measure full to dull and intelligent alike. Signs hinder the intellectual growth of the deaf. The writer was told by some deaf-mutes, who were educated in sign schools, that at a party given by Rev. Mr. Danter at Rochester, they noticed that the deaf-mutes who were educated where no signs were used, conversed freely in English and they were easy in their manners. It was rather difficult for them (the sign makers) to converse with them entirely, by manual spelling. Signs make the deaf rough in their manners.

Signs seem to make the deaf excited in their conversation, so that they make noises and make faces that are disagreeable to the hearing.

Signs mortify the educated and civilized deaf when they see their brethren use their language in public places. Signs are unintelligible to those who have not been taught them.

Signs, through their inexactness and uncertainty, are the cause of much of the misunderstanding, the slander, and fault-finding that grow out of gossip.

Signs make the deaf think in pictures and cause them to waste their time in profligate, idle dreaming.

Signs confuse the meaning and orderly use of words and prevent the deaf gaining command of the English language. Signs have prevented about eighty per cent of the deaf who have attended schools gaining command of the English, in the same way a wagon prevents a man who rides in one, from learning to ride a bicycle.

Signs prevent the deaf acquiring a desire for reading. Signs interfere with the free and profitable intercourse between the deaf and unnecessarily shut them away from all intercourse with the hearing. The signs of the language are crude, gross and imperfect and cannot convey to one whose mind is formed by them any but crude, gross and imperfect ideas. The deaf-mute who is dependent upon this poor miserable language for the formation of his moral and spiritual ideas, cannot have the wisdom and understanding of the deaf man whose ideal is formed through English. But in schools where signs are used this fact is realized, and religion and morality are taught in English words. But it would appear from observation of the deaf of the community, that many are able only to understand and remember what is given through the language that they know best.

Signs feed the minds of the deaf on husks, so that all who are dependent on this language are intellectually starved. The use of signs is suggestive of ignorance, while fluent and correct English is an evidence of education.

Signs should be abandoned by the deaf, as well as by all teachers of the deaf, in all schools through the country.—Frank Murray in the *Silent Worker*.

Helen Keller.

Perhaps there never was a more marked triumph of human perseverance over apparently insurmountable obstacles than has been shown in the wonderful work of the deaf, dumb and blind girl, Helen Keller, who celebrated her seventeenth birthday last June, was just seven years old when she began to express herself by the sign-language. She has made wonderful progress in the last decade. With the assistance of her faithful friend and teacher, Miss Sullivan, the aid of books made especially for her in England and America, she has not mastered German, Latin and French, but is likewise familiar with history, and writes English clearly and forcibly. She is now studying Greek.

She has long been regarded as a national character, and her acquaintance is sought by literary and philanthropic people everywhere. Her instructor seldom allows her to accept invitations, but when she addresses a public audience, as she did at a commencement in Philadelphia a year or so ago, she is sure to say something interesting.—The Puritan.

ST. LOUIS.

The Evils of the Liquor Traffic.

AN EXCELLENT LECTURE

News Items and Coming Events.

The lecture by the Rev. Edmund Duckworth, rector of St. James Church, at St. Thomas' Mission last evening evening—Miss Pearl Herdman of the Day School interpreting—was a most practical, logical, convincing, interesting and eloquent discourse on the evils of the liquor traffic—particularly the saloon. There was a large and appreciative gathering, including a number of hearing people. Miss Herdman's interpretation of the lecture gave great satisfaction and was the subject of general and favorable comment. Below is given a synopsis of the lecture, and is well worth careful and thoughtful reading. The reverend gentleman began by saying that he was opposed to the saloon for other than political reasons.

I. Because the saloon is useless. It provides nothing useful. No clothing, no food, no implements of labor; no books to inform the mind, no articles of comfort, no thing that adorns civilization, nothing that elevates society, nothing that adds a single impulse of good to any community. If every saloon should be abolished to-morrow nothing that goes to clothe, educate, develop or beautify would be lost.

II. Because the saloon deals out a liquid which is the deadly enemy of the purity and healthfulness of the body. This liquid some please to call the water of life, is, in fact, the water of death. It gives neither strength nor heat. It is a deadly poison. Its nature is like that of opium. Its effect is that of arsenic. It deprives the step of its elasticity and the muscles of their voluntary action. The complexion loses its natural color, the internal organs become diseased, the nerves are irritated, the blood is thickened, the heart is corrugated—the temple of the Soul becomes a physical wreck.

III. Because the saloon makes loafers. Its aim is not work, not study nor the cultivation of the finer tastes. It does not produce great men. In it industry is not developed nor enterprise born. It produces indifference and shiftlessness during the hours of rest. It fosters the neglect of home and of self. It is where no one can take his wife or sister. It turns out loafers, and is a standing evil to young people. The practice of sending children for beer is training them to be drunkards, and cannot be too severely condemned.

IV. Because the saloon creates a rough and immoral life, and has always done so from the earliest times. It has always been the magnet of an evil genius attracting all sorts and conditions of people, and making of them moral lepers and social carrion.

V. Because the saloon hardens man's nature. It ruins the intellect, clouds the judgment, impairs the memory, dwarfs the God-given faculties of the mind. To it the father and husband returns early. In vain does the wife and mother plead. Home has no attraction compared to that of the saloon to such a man,—children have no charm. Its influence hardens the heart, sears the conscience and benumbs nature.

VI. Because the saloon makes man helpless. He cannot keep his promise, nor can he control himself. Alexander, who conquered the world, was unable to conquer his craving for wine and filled a drunkard's grave, while yet a young man. The only safe rule is to touch not, taste not, handle not.

VII. Because the saloon breeds misery, vice and crime. It crowds the jails and penitentiaries, fills the asylums, and furnishes victims for the scaffold. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, bribes votes, disqualifies voters, and buys legislation.

VIII. Because the saloon antagonizes every influence of home, church and school, and is continually at war with this blessed Trinity. It is wholly indifferent to all that tends to add to the sum of human happiness and decrease the sum of human misery.

IX. Because the saloon increases the burdens of society. Nine tenths of the crimes on the calendar have their origin in the saloon, millions of dollars are spent annually in the courts, hospitals and asylums in consequence of these crimes.

This money must be collected in the form of taxes, or of charity, from the sober, industrious, law-abiding-wealth, producing citizens.

X. Because the saloon sets at defiance the laws that are made for its regulation and suppression. If the law says the saloon shall be closed after midnight it will remain

open. If the law says it shall be closed on Sundays, the back door will be open. If the laws says it shall not sell liquors to minors or habitual drunkards, it will disregard the law. It takes advantage of every technicality and resorts to every subterfuge. Prohibition does not prohibit it. High or low license do not effect its evil and degrading influence. The reverend gentleman then took up the question of personal liberty, and maintained that one had no right to do what might directly or indirectly work injury upon others. A person may wear any style of hat or any cut of coat, as such things do not affect society generally. The law of the city will not permit a man to keep a pig in his back yard nor to erect a frame dwelling within the fire limits because the general welfare of the community is against such things. Far more consistent and much more beneficial would it be to the community, city, state and nation, if the law forbade the existence of such stupendous mental, moral, spiritual and physical evil as the saloon.

After the applause that followed the conclusion of the lecture had subsided, a rising vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer—and to the interpreter—after which many present improved the opportunity to make the reverend gentleman's acquaintance.

A hearing person present at the the Rev. Mr. Duckworth's lecture, upon being told that the reporter was going to write it up for the JOURNAL, inquired whether it would be printed in ordinary or in the sign language. The inquirer evidently thought that the sign language could be written like short hand or Chinese characters.

We are glad to hear that Public Opinion Meetings have been inaugurated in Philadelphia. The experiment must be given a fair trial before it will be fully appreciated. After having once been thoroughly tested, the meetings are not likely to be discontinued for lack of large and interested audiences. We have observed that while unfavorable weather may effect church attendance, cause a picnic to be a financial failure and make invited guests at private socials conspicuous by their absence, it does not prevent a good attendance at Public Opinion Meetings. People, who brave all sorts of weather going to and from their daily occupations, are not likely to absent selves on account of the weather from such pleasant and profitable gatherings.

Services at St. Thomas' Mission have usually been omitted whenever the minister was absent on missionary work outside of the city. It is hoped that in the future such will not be the case. The minister officiates in Kansas City to-morrow, as he usually does on the last Sunday of the month, but the Rev. Henry Mezner, Assistant Canon of the Cathedral, will officiate in his place Miss Pearl Herdman interpreting. There has been a steady increase in the average attendance at the services for some time past.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Froning will probably remove to Des Moines, Iowa, to reside permanently. Mr. Froning is a first class wood-worker and the outlook for steady employment at his craft seems to be brighter for him in Des Moines, where his brother resides, than in St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Froning have resided in St. Louis all their lives, and have many friends here who, while regretting to see them go, wish them success.

The social events of the week close with a select party, given by the Misses Henning, at their residence this evening.

Miss Mary A. Ginn has returned to her home in Sullivan, Ill. Her visit in the city was cut short by the illness of her nephew.

Coming events in February:—Church services, at 11 A.M., on all Sundays, at the Cathedral Chapel, 13th and Locust Streets.

Fridays, at 8 P.M., 11th literary meeting of the Gallaudet Union; 18th, humorous lecture on "Talkers," by the Rev. Edmund Duckworth; 25th, lecture on "The Aims of the W. C. T. U.," by Mrs. E. B. Ingalls, State President of the W. C. T. U. and National Superintendent of the Department of Narcotics.

J. H. C.

January 29, 1896.

Mrs. Elvira C. Goodwin, wife of Prof. Goodwin of the Louisiana Institution, died on January 13th. She was fifty-five years old, and was one of the earliest pupils at the Louisiana Institution.

Mr. Chester O. Mann will give a reading to the deaf-mutes in the parish house of the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Newburgh, N. Y., on Saturday, evening, February 13th, at 7:30 P.M. His subject will be "Two Orphans." A collection will be taken for the benefit of the Gallaudet Home. Mr. Mann will also hold a deaf-mute service in the same church, on Sunday, February 14th, at 8:30 P.M.

Faith can remove mountains, but civil engineers prefer to tunnel right through them.

A clever man can hide the fact that he isn't wise; but a wise man always exposes his lack of cleverness.

CHICAGO.

A Detective's Curious Blunder.

WILL START FOR ALASKA.

Items of Interest.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P. Gibson, 3439 Prairie Ave., Chicago.]

Miss Ethel Hammond, eldest daughter of H. C. Hammond, has been appointed a teacher at the North Dakota state school at Devil's Lake. The *Banner* in speaking of her appointment says: "She comes to us well qualified, and we feel that we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on having secured her." Mr. Hammond and family are now living at West Plains, Mo.

I take this from Thursday's Record:

J. W. Johnson was arraigned before Justice Martin yesterday, charged with using profane language. Six of his neighbors were present to hear the testimony against him. Detective Sergeant William J. Driver appeared as complainant and prosecutor.

"Your honor," said Driver, "I arrested this man at Clark and Lake streets Monday night. He was drunk that I could scarcely take him to the central station. The prisoner cursed me at every step. He was swearing at passersby when I arrested him and was noisy and disorderly. He was yelling at the top of his voice. At the station he said his name was J. W. Johnson, but I don't think that's right."

"Was he very profane?" asked Justice Martin. "Yes, your honor," replied Driver. "And very noisy!" continued the justice. "Oh! So noisy you could hear him for blocks," said the officer.

"Is that all the evidence against him—any corroborative testimony?" asked the court. "I should think that sufficient," said Driver. "It's all, anyway."

"Justice Martin turned to the prisoner. "What have you to say in defense?" he interrogated.

Johnson stared at him blankly and waved his hand. One of his neighbors stepped forward and addressed the court.

"Your honor," he said, "that man is a deaf-mute. He can't say a word nor hear a sound, no matter if it is the sound of a cannon. I have known him for years."

Detective Driver looked startled, then a smile passed over his features, but this disappeared as he turned and saw Johnson's five other neighbors nodding their heads in approval of the testimony. The court pushed a paper and a pen to the prisoner. The latter motioned for a drink of water. Justice Martin read the sentence and then ordered his clerk to enter "discharged" in the record opposite Johnson's name.

The justice then asked Johnson if he was among the prisoners who had been booked to appear in court. His name was called several times in the courtroom, but there was no response. The lock-up-keeper concluded that Driver had released the prisoner. When Johnson's name was not found on the court docket Driver concluded that his prisoner probably had been turned loose by the captain. Early yesterday morning Driver had occasion to go into the courtroom at the central station. He saw Johnson still there.

"What have you been here ever since?" asked Driver.

The prisoner grunted and waved his hands.

"Talk, why don't you? Tell me, have you been here ever since?" Again Johnson grunted, and, pointing to his mouth, shook his head. Driver then arranged to take his prisoner to court and prosecute him. The evidence and discharge followed.

Emil Weller has completed his plans for his trip to Alaska. He leaves Chicago February 11th, and will sail from Seattle February 20th. He is taking a vacation and thinks this the most profitable way to do it. He goes with a party of friends.

C. T. Sullivan has been laid up at home with a badly burned foot. It was the result of an accident in the foundry where he is employed, molten iron being the "burner."

Harrie M. Cook, of Pittsburg, now studying at the Bradley Polytechnic Institute at Peoria, Ill., attended our church service Sunday and upon invitation addressed audience briefly and closed with prayer. He has been in the city since Thursday.

I am advised that the entertainment in the church chapel Saturday evening, February 13th, given by the Ladies' Aid Society, will consist of an art exhibit and talk on art led by Mrs. Buchanan, and that pictures will be sold also. The affair will last from 8 to 11 o'clock, and 15 cents admission be charged.

The funeral of Robert Elliott, at Gano, was held at his late home Monday noon, and conducted by the Rev. Mr. Hasenstab assisted by the Rev. Mr. Pledger of the Kensington M. E. Church. The remains were borne by trolley car to Mt. Greenwood Cemetery, Morgan Park.

Mrs. M. Sullivan, of Elgin, Ill., was in the city last week.

"The trials and successes of a life insurance man," together with a thousand and one facts about insurance, composed the theme of Mr. Walker's talk at the club rooms Saturday evening. He entire discourse was very interesting, and if any one failed to understand the method of insuring a person's life, and the resultant benefits, it surely was not Mr. Walker's fault. He detailed everything, even to his own business experience, as in the opening lines of this paragraph and the evening proved a very profitably spent one to those present.

E. P. G.



## NEW YORK.

### Investigating the Case of Ida Anspach.

### A LITTLE ABOUT "RED TAPE."

### Leo Greis Starts in Business --The News of the Week in the Boroughs.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 208 East 59th Street, New York City.

The Editor of the JOURNAL and the New York correspondent called at the Insane asylum on Ward's Island Saturday afternoon, where Miss Ida Anspach was located, after a futile search on Blackwell's Island, but were not allowed to see her, as the rules of the institution allow but two visitors in two weeks, her father and some one else being with her at that time. We argued with the clerk but to no avail. At last we asked to see the institution, and an affable attendant showed us two of the rooms, but our hopes to be taken through the part where Miss Anspach was were shattered when we were informed it was impossible.

We again called at the office and argued at some length, but the result was the following, as told us by the doctor. She was committed on January 13th, three weeks ago from the publication day of this issue, and not eight weeks as it had been believed. When she came in, said the doctor, she was very violent and very insane, but she is getting better now and has a chance of recovery. Her case is diagnosed as acute mania, and she is said to have many delusions, seeming to think people are about her and is violent when there is absolutely no cause for it. The doctor also added that she had been examined by one judge, two doctors in New York, one at the boat landing and one at the asylum on her arrival, as well as by three physicians two or three times a day since, and he thought there could not be any mistake.

I will try and get a special permit from the State Board of Hospitals before the week is out, and hope to have seen and been convinced one way or the other before the next issue of this paper.

The case of Miss Healy, who is said to be confined in some house of refuge, is causing some comment as to the legality of her commitment, as she is twenty-four years old, of sound mind and has a home and some money of her own. She has committed no crime against the laws, and is held, it is said, at the instance of some one who merely considered her wayward and unfit to be at large.

There is a good deal of red tape about getting permission to visit one of our penal institutions or hospitals, on the various islands set aside for these purposes. Last week I got over to Blackwell's on a fluke, without a permit, and would have been detained there for some hours, perhaps, had not a letter to the book-keeper secured me a pass to return. There are three ways of getting to Blackwell's Island—break a window and get committed, carry a real or fake message for some official there that calls for an answer, or get a permit; but there is only one way of getting back—with a pass, written or verbal from some official. But it is impossible to go to Ward's or Randall's without a pass. A pass is easily secured, by mentioning the name of some person you desire to see (even a fake name will do), but when there you will find cast iron rules that only permit you to see a very small part of the various departments. It is next to impossible to get a peep into the violent insane ward.

Leo. Greis has opened an engraving office at 954 Broadway, Brooklyn Borough, where he will do all kinds of engraving, including wood, photo-process and half-tone. He is making the venture rather as an experiment, but considering his ability in this line and the trade connection he already has, there is no reason why he should not make a success of it as well, as he has all the capital necessary, even if it should not pay well for the first few years. He was for many years connected with Munroe's publishing house, as an engraver on wood, leaving there of his own accord, since which time he has been taking life easy, as there was not much demand for wood cuts since the new process was invented. Thus another one added to the list of deaf business men, and may the list of successful ones continue to grow.

Samuel Lowenberg, who was for some years in the employ of R. Hoe & Co; as a maker of type cases, has entered into a partnership with others under the firm name of the Schoen Manufacturing Co., with office on Fulton Street, where specially is spectacle and eye-glass cases. Mr. Lowenberg

bought out the share of a retiring partner, so that the business is not a new venture.

The League of Elects Surds lacked one member to make a quorum last Saturday, and the adoption of the revised constitution and by-laws is again put off.

The Silent Wheelmen will hear a lot of interesting things from the entertainment committee at their meeting Friday evening. It may be said, however, that one of the rooms in the Central Opera House, 67th Street, has been secured for Friday evening, April 15th, and a popular admission price of twenty-five cents will be charged. Choice seats will cost ten cents more. The play to be presented will be without a plot, a farce from beginning to end, and it is sure to cause suspender buttons to fly fast and furious. The management is composed of thoroughly responsible persons, and a high-class entertainment can be looked for. The stage performance will last less than two hours, after which dancing and social confab will ensue.

John Black, of Rahway, N. J., and J. E. Taplin, who came up from New Haven, went to Port Chester last Friday to attend a party at Miss Minnie Betts, and report a glorious old time in the quaint town on the border of the State.

Mrs. Myron R. Palmer, of Albany, N. Y., is in town with her pretty little eight months old girl, Irene, visiting with her mother and incidentally calling on a large number of married brothers and sisters. She is looking herself as of old.

The following advertisement appeared in last Friday's Journal:

WANTED—An intelligent deaf and dumb young man out of employment, Call No. 182 Broadway.

One person who called found it to be the typewriter firm of the Blickensdorfer Mfg. Co., but they said they had already secured one. Just what they can want of a deaf person actuates curiosity, but it may be that privacy may be assured at meetings of the officers with a deaf and dumb attendant.

The Guild meeting called for Jan. 29th, proved so poorly attended that an early adjournment was taken.

My happy friend, Mr. A. Capelli helps me with the following spicy contribution:

Another surprise party must be added to the functions of the past week. This occurred on Wednesday, January 26th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fersenheim, and was the occasion of Mrs. Fersenheim's birthday. Yes, Mrs. Fersenheim, was surprised, she was taken unaware of what was to occur, same as the rest of 'em that get surprised on such occasions. Well, to make a long story short, she was surprised that a number of her friends had remembered the event, and had called to help her celebrate her birthday. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Fersenheim, Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. W. Buhle, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Gartland, the Misses Gartland, Miss Wasburn, Mr. and Mrs. Willets and child, Messrs. Hahn and Hennings.

The affair did not terminate till a late hour, which proves that all enjoyed themselves. As for Mrs. Fersenheim, she received the hearty congratulations of those present as well as several useful gifts.

### BROOKLYN, N. Y.

There was an enjoyable reception, which took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Evans, on Saturday evening, January 29th. The cosy parlor was crowded with guests of the host and hostess. The evening was pleasantly in social talk, flow of wit and cracking of jokes, and various kinds of pleasantries. The guests took the lead in a march to another room, where a table laden with tempting viands was placed. The supper was elegant. The guests, piloted by Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. R. M. Patterson, made a subscription with which to purchase an elegant reclining chair.

Mrs. Pratt, on behalf of the guests, presented the chair to Mr. and Mrs. Evans. The host and hostess received the chair with a few words of thanks. The guests went home late, and will retain pleasant memories of the social occasion. For the success of the reception, credit is due to Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. R. M. Patterson. The writer noticed the following guests present:

Mr. Mrs. J. W. Pratt, Mr. and Mr. John Wilkinson and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Juhring, Mr. and R. M. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kinsey and son, Mr. R. Henrici and Mary Renwick, Misses Rose, Henry, Sturwald, Mrs. J. Lounsbury, Messrs. Geo. Lindeman, Hoffmann, J. Orr, Maria, Mr. and Mrs. Holdridge, Miss Maggie Farrel and mother, Miss Antusch, Mr. McKenna Mr. Geo. L. Reynolds, and Mr. Frank M. Senior.

Mrs. Felkel, relict of the former Principal of the Florida Institution, died recently.

Mrs. Jane S. Risley, of New Britain Conn., has entirely recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### "An Enemy to Society."

### AN ENJOYABLE PARTY.

### Brevities.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

On Saturday evening, 29th inst., John P. Walker, Esq., Principal of Morris Industrial Hall and Editor of the *Mt. Airy World*, lectured before the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Club at its rooms on the northeast corner of Eighth Street and Girard Avenue. His subject was "An Enemy to Society." It was practically a discourse on the evil of slander.

As a lecturer, Mr. Walker is a great favorite here. He is an excellent sign-maker, too; but of more importance is the fact that he knows better than most others how to interest and entertain a deaf audience. Those who have seen him lecture, will bear us out in this remark.

On this occasion, the small lecture room of the club was almost packed with members and friends. Among them was the JOURNAL's reporter, who attended as an invited guest. President Dougherty presided. After the lecture, which occupied a little over thirty minutes, Mr. Walker was tendered a vote of thanks.

The Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Club was organized about ten years ago, chiefly as a social club. It had until recently supported a baseball team, which did such good work that the city papers frequently took notice of it. The club has saved up several hundred dollars, to which it points with pride. Mr. A. J. McGahan has been and still is the leading spirit of the club.

The present home of the club at Eighth and Girard Avenue, consists of two rooms, reception and social. The former fronts on Girard Avenue, and is also fitted up as a meeting room, and the latter adjoins it on the Eighth Street side, and is furnished with tables and other amusement appliances for the enjoyment of the members. The present lecture committee of the club is composed of Messrs. McGahan, Mayer and McCarthy.

One of the most enjoyable parties of the season was that given by Miss Emily R. Hamilton, at the beautiful home of her parents in West Philadelphia, last Friday evening. Part of the time was devoted to a guessing contest in which the winners received silver prizes. A number of pictures were provided without names. Each picture represented the title of a well-known book which was to be guessed by it, and those making the largest number of correct guesses took the prizes. Mr. F. C. Smielau took the first prize, which consisted of an elegant silver penholder. Mr. Edward Burlingame, a fellow student of Mr. Smielau at the Divinity School, got the second prize, a silver key-ring. Miss Annie B. Barry, of Baltimore, Md., won a pin-cushion with a silver cap; Mr. Washington Houston, a silver scarf-pin; and Mrs. H. E. Stevens carried off the "booby" prize, a silver heart charm.

An elegant and appetizing luncheon was served to the company, after which dancing was indulged in until the time arrived for the guests to disperse for their homes. Numbered among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Hamilton, Miss Emily R., and two children, Willie and Given; Mrs. and Mrs. Bullock Mrs. J. Bullock, Miss Robinson, Mr. Edward Burlingame, Mr. F. C. Smielau, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Miss Annie B. Barry, of Baltimore, Md.; Miss B. Matthews, Mrs. Wm. H. Lipsett, Miss Katie Eisele, and Mr. Washington Houston.

Friends kindly remembered Mr. and Mrs. Michael Higgins with good things on Saturday evening.

Mr. Michael Madden, a graduate of Gallaudet College, is stopping here for a few days, on his way to Harrisburg, Pa.

Miss Annie B. Barry, of the Monumental City, is sojourning with us. At present she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens.

Mr. William C. Church has returned to the Colonial Hotel, Cape May City, to remain for an indefinite time.

Rev. J. M. Koehler spent the greater part of last week in itinerant work in Central Pennsylvania, and is expected home to-day. Mr. F. C. Smielau read the service at All Souls' on Sunday afternoon.

We beg to remind the city readers that the Rev. S. C. Hill, of Grace Church, Mt. Airy, will preach at All Souls' next Sunday afternoon. Frank A. Schuster has moved to Camden from Woodbury, N. J., where he continues in the bottling business.

Miss Maggie Laird, of Petty's Island, Delaware River, has gone to Brooklyn, N. Y., for a two months visit.

Mr. H. E. Steven's valuable Col-

lie dog ran away and has not been found yet.

Messrs. F. C. Smielau, O. J. Whildin, Andrew J. Sullivan and Michael Madden, graduates of Gallaudet College, held a brief but pleasant "reunion," one day last week, at the School of Divinity. Charles McMearty, an Oral graduate, mourns the loss of a worthy brother.

A social meeting was held by the Clerc Literary Association last Thursday evening.

Jan. 31st, '98.

J. S. R.

### THE MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Susan Van Raalt Souweine, beloved wife of Adolph Souweine, Esq., and mother of Emanuel Souweine, died at her late home, Wednesday afternoon, January 12th, 1898, at 2 o'clock, after a lingering illness. Mrs. Souweine lived to be 62 years old, and was a native of The Hague, Holland. She was married at London, England, where Mr. Souweine was then a teacher of languages, and where also, her son, Emanuel, was born, and spent his childhood's days. They came to America some thirty-two years ago, and the greater part of the time made New York and Brooklyn their home.

She has passed now to a broader life. Hers was a generous, womanly nature, and the memory of that blessed life must prove an inspiration to those who have known and loved her. In her home life, she was a model wife and mother. Personally, she was a woman of simple habits, true and just with every one, and of a charitable and affectionate disposition and a ready sympathy with faithful friends.

Funeral services were held on Friday morning, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Winter, and interment took place at Salem Field, Cypress Hill.

She is survived by her husband, Mr. Adolph Souweine, who is a man of education and culture. He is a glass merchant, well-known both in this country and in Europe, and highly esteemed among his business associates and in the social world.

Mr. E. Souweine and Arthur are the two surviving sons, the former well-known and popular in business and social circles. He has a fine engraving establishment. The latter, a fine young man, hold a very responsible position in a large establishment, of which he has full charge.

He is a pupil of Joseph. He is best known, however, through the public press, as one of the world's best chess players; is a member of the Manhattan and Brooklyn Chess Clubs, and has played in competition with some of the famous men of the world.

### Syracuse News.

The White Lily Progressive Whist Club was entertained by Miss Mamie Daley and Mr. Fred Foster, on Lodi Street, on the 27th inst. Mrs. George D. Connor and Edward T. Murphy captured first prizes. Refreshments were served through the kindness of Miss Daley and Fred Foster. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rider, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph May, Misses Josephine Blaum, Nellie Butler, Mamie Daley, Messrs. Thomas Brenner, Frank Harvey, Fred Foster, Andrew Keenan, and others. Andrew Keenan was a judge.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph May will give a progressive whist party at their home, 513 Robinson Street, on the 10th inst.

Mr. Andrew Keenan has quit work at the Barnes bicycle factory, and accepted a position in the Gas and Electric Company's shop.

Messrs. George D. Connor, John L. Keller and Edward T. Murphy, are the committee on the birthday bag and progressive whist party on the 17th of this month. Four first prizes will be awarded.

A letter was had here announcing that Mr. Charles Gibbs, formerly of this city, had secured employment in a furniture shop in Whitesboro, near Utica.

Miss Jessie Backman, of Phoenix, has been visiting here, with her sister, Mrs. John F. Keller, on Wilkinsons Street, for several weeks. She will probably go home sometime this week.

Miss Lena Meagher, of Buffalo, is visiting here with her sister, Mrs. Richard Welch.

Feb. 1, '98. STAR POINTER.

### In Memory of Valentine Menger.

WHEREAS, The All-Wise Providence has deemed fit to take from our circles, a valuable and faithful friend, that we deplore the loss, the St. Mark's Church and the Brooklyn Guild for Deaf-Mutes in Brooklyn have suffered in the demise of the late lamented Mr. Valentine Menger, that our departed friend was a faithful and earnest supporter.

Resolved, That our departed friend was a good, honest and unostentatious Christian and of a strong character, and we miss him.

Res. to-d, The said Church and Guild extend their sincere condolence and sympathy to his bereaved family.

## STATE OF OHIO.

### School Plans Before the Legislature.

### A PLEA FOR DAY SCHOOLS.

### News Items About the Deaf.

[New items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The crowded condition of the institution, and the fact that the legislature is in session, has emboldened several of the larger cities to put in bids for the erection of a new school in their respective localities in order to relieve the pressure here. Cincinnati, Toledo and Cleveland, are all after the prize, but whether they will secure it time alone will tell. Financially the State is not in a condition to support more than one at this time, and that one here should, above all, be given the encouragement and assistance necessary to maintain and carry forward its usefulness. And if there is need of another institution, let this one be enlarged to a capacity that will accommodate all the deaf children of school age. It may be wise to do this on the present site, but the state can secure some central locality and build up a new school disposing of course the present grounds. The Cleveland people seem to be most active in securing a school up their way. Those interested in the matter brought the question before their representatives in the legislature at a meeting Saturday evening, and Mr. John E. Allen made give the following views.

About three months ago parents of deaf children formed an association styled "The Association for the Education of the Deaf Children of the City of Cleveland." The object of the association is to devise ways means by which first-class public day schools for deaf-mutes could be permanently established in the city.

A meeting was held on December 22d, in the school Council assembly rooms, and a committee was appointed to present the subject to the Cuyahoga delegation. The committee has been at work getting the names of the deaf children in the city, and has on record nearly two hundred names. Only twenty-eight children, it is said, are now attending the day schools in the Rockwell Street building.

After reading a letter containing the above information and signed by Charles C. Hall, secretary of the committee, Mr. Allen, read an open letter, addressed by him to the Cuyahoga County members of the General Assembly. This read in part:

"At your next weekly meeting in this chamber there will be presented a bill providing for public day schools for deaf children of this city and possibly including children of Cuyahoga county. I am sure that deafness is not an affliction peculiar to poverty, and some parents of deaf children are as able

to care for their children at home, and even more anxious to do so. Parents not able to care for their children at home can send them to the State institution for the deaf at Columbus. The census of this association will undoubtedly show two hundred names of deaf children and those defective in articulation, unable to attend the public schools provided for hearing children.

"What shall be done with these young people? To allow them to grow up uneducated is consistent neither with sound policy nor with Ohio's known liberality in educational matters. The uneducated deaf are a menace to the community in which they live. They are cut off by their affliction from many of the influences which tend to uplift and civilize the hearing person, independently of the school. There is a class of deaf children reported in the census as being dumb, who were not born deaf, but some time after the acquisition of speech became deaf through accident or disease; such children can be particularly benefited by the day schools.

"The nearer the school can be brought to the home the earlier can instruction be profitably commenced. There is no one who will be so patient and long with a little deaf child as its own mother, but unfortunately parents as a rule know nothing of how to train such a child. The nearness of the home and the school enables the parents and teachers to come into close contact, so that the mother soon learns how to supplement the work of the school at home.

"I desire to say to your honorable body that the State institution at Columbus for the education of the deaf

IS VERY MUCH CROWDED

at present. They have called upon the Legislature in their annual report for an entire new institution, which, undoubtedly, will involve an enormous appropriation, providing the Legislature accedes to their wants.

The bill to which attention will be called at your next meeting is in no way inimical to the best interests of the institution at Columbus, but the parents of the association request you to work in unison for this bill and see that the appropriation asked for by the State institution shall in no way tend to lessen the amount desired for the appropriation here at Cleveland. The number of children from Cleveland and Cuyahoga county attending school at Columbus as near as we can determine at present, is about forty, possibly over this number. The largest portion of these children will, undoubtedly, attend school here in this city under the proposed new order of things. This will relieve the institution at Columbus, to a certain extent, at least.

"In conclusion allow me to express my earnest and heartfelt desire that you may see fit to recommend to the members of the General Assembly of Ohio the passage of this bill, which, in my opinion, is destined to confer untold blessings on the deaf of this community and upon society."

Dr. J. B. Tuckerman said it was very difficult to secure accommodations for afflicted people in any of the State institutions, so crowded were they all.

Senator Alexander, of Akron, introduced in the Senate last week, a bill that provides for the education of the deaf and blind mutes, by placing them in the care of this institution and under the instruction of a special teacher. There is no law now that will admit persons of this class into either the deaf and dumb or blind schools, and hence such persons in this State are allowed to grow up in total ignorance unless their friends are able to obtain private teachers for them.

Should this law pass, the State

## BALTIMORE.

(From our Baltimore Correspondent.)

The series of parties inaugurated by the mutes of this city about the beginning of January, have been continued weekly since that time, with a spirit and enthusiasm that is pleasing and delightful to the young folks, who are thus enabled to spend a social and pleasant evening once a week in friendly chats and other enjoyable pastimes without much experience. A party of young mutes took a long ride to Hampden, where Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Leitner reside, to surprise them with a party. Indeed they were generally surprised. Games such as forfeits, noiseless whistle, and others were played. Mr. and Mrs. Leitner had a full supply of everything necessary for the enjoyment of their guests. At a late hour they repaired to the dining room to partake of a sumptuous table laden with all the delicacies of the season, after which all returned to their homes thoroughly satisfied with their evening's enjoyment. The bad weather prevented the others from coming to join the party. Among those who were present at the party were Misses Lola Pettit, Lulu Panoast, of Virginia, Annie Barry, Adele Addison, Carrie Ebaugh, Fannie Wells, Mr. and Mrs. G. Leitner, Messrs. Louis Nicholson, Fred. Lurmann, and P. C. Boss.

Mrs. Emma Bingham, a widow whose children were taken from her, on account of being unfit to take further care of her five daughters, aged respectively 5, 8, 13, 16 and 18. The oldest daughter is a cripple and deaf-mute. The technical charge was that the children were suffering through the neglect of their mother. She pleaded pathetically with the magistrate to allow her children to remain with her. The magistrate after carefully considering the facts in the case, decided to allow all of the children except the oldest daughter, Sadie. The magistrate said to Mrs. Bingham: "Sadie is a cripple and deaf-mute, and a burden to you. The evidence shows that you are not able to do for her as should be done, and I intend to send her to some institution where she will be well cared for." We have called Mr. Wm. Barry to attend to the fact, and to have her sent to Frederick School for the Deaf.

Prof. G. W. Veditz's cousin, Mr. John Herman Von der Horst, aged 65 years, died at his late residence, 512 Carrollton Ave., from an attack of Bright's disease lasting nearly two months. His funeral took place to-day from his late residence from where the remains were moved to Loudon Park and cremated.

Mr. Von der Horst was a very genial and companionable man and numbered a host of friends. He was deeply interested in all forms of legitimate sport. Base ball, however, was his favorite pastime, and he was numbered among the very elect of Baltimore's rooters. He never missed a game in Baltimore. He often went on to New York and Philadelphia to see his beloved Orioles play.

Mr. Isaac Friedenrich, a well known cigar dealer, has our heartfelt sympathy on the loss of his dear mother, who died last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogan stopped off in Baltimore for several days on their way to Florida. From their different talks of going to Florida, Texas, and California, we doubt their statement. "Ted," do you know them?

Last Thursday found Miss Annie Barry in Philadelphia, and she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens of Merchantsville, N. J.

Mr. J. A. Branflick will be among his friends, oysters dredgers in Easton, Md., for several days.

We engaged Prof. A. F. Adams, the "Gym" Instructor of Gallaudet College, to lecture before the Baltimore Society of the Deaf on March 18th. His subject is not yet known.

Miss Alverta Turton, a colored deaf-mute, aged 21, is very ill with consumption. Her doctors say there is no hope for her recovery. Oh, yes; the location of the school for colored deaf must be very unhealthy, for two pupils are very ill, and two teachers, Miss Rogers and Mr. Latemei, are confined to their rooms.

Mr. E. C. Wyand, a member of the Introductory Class of Gallaudet College, was called home on account of his father's illness.

Mr. E. Sturm, a lithographer, is out of employment. He is not well known to us, for he never mingles with the deaf.

Mr. H. J. Gill and his father are still rusticiating in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

We will have a confirmation class on March 14th, at Grace P. E. Church.

Mr. A. T. Knoechel burned one of his fingers by flashlight, while engaged in photographing at night.

Mr. Wm. McElroy's right foot, which has been troubled with rheumatism for some time, is much better at this writing.

MYRTLE.

January 30, 1898.



# FANWOOD.

## The Cadets Being Drilled to Use Guns.

## WINTER WEATHER AT LAST.

## A New Daily Guide for the Boys -- The News of the Past Week.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

For the past few days, the Cadet Officers, who had been previously drilled and instructed in the gun manual, have been teaching squads of boys in the same line of tactics, and the way in which the boys catch on to it is simply astounding. First they are taught the names of the various positions to which the guns must be elevated, then they are put through a rigorous test as to their capability. So far they have succeeded in doing well, and by the time the weather out of doors warrants drilling on the campus, we may have them broken in, so that they all can be mustered together and put through the complete manual. At present, on account of space, each company is drilled separately on alternate days, in the boys' room.

The long spell of uncomfortable weather seems to have been broken at last, by the arrival of a heavy snow storm, accompanied by a drop in the temperature, which has remained at a little above the freezing point for the past few days. As yet the boys have not been able to use their rink, as the recent thaw damaged it so badly that water runs off as through a sieve. On Saturday afternoon about fifty of the boys, ranging from the tallest to the smallest, who were lucky enough to possess a pair of skates, wended their way to the pond north of the Institution and spent three hours gliding over the surface on steel runners. The remainder went to the gymnasium, where a match game of basketball was played between our Junior team, and a like team from the Harlem Branch of the Y. M. C. A., resulting in favor of our boys by a score of 15 to 5.

Friday evening, Manager Fox, called the candidates for the baseball team, for the coming season, together in the Library, for the express purpose of choosing a Captain and Assistant.

A brindle bull dog strayed into this grounds the other day, and hobbled with the boys, who happened to be around. Every one felt shy of him at first, when he showed how docile he was, some screwed up courage and began to have fun with him. Knowing what a tenacious grip these dogs possess, they procured a rope, and when he (the dog) got a good grip on it with his jaws, they would lift him bodily and whirl him around. Of course his canineship enjoyed the sport. But it was soon stopped, as fear was felt that he might become excited and bite.

Prof. Fox entertained the members of the Literary Association with a recitation of Goethe's masterpiece "Faust," on Saturday evening last. Goethe is considered by all literary critics, to be to the Germans what Shakespeare is to the English.

On account of the prevalence of measles at the Mansion House, this branch of the Institution has been quarantined by order of the Board of Health. This edict does not interfere with the Main Building, therefore readers hear this in mind and make no mistake about it.

Neat folded cards possessing hints to guide the pupils in the care of their personal appearances, were distributed among the boys the other day, and are very handy, as it will help them to form habits of independence and not be continually reminded of faults in their appearance in school, etc. For the benefit of the readers we give them space:

### PUPILS' DAILY GUIDE.

1. Must blacken shoes.
2. Must wash hands and comb hair before going to meals; school or chapel.
3. Must change soiled collars.
4. Must change soiled handkerchiefs.
5. Must change torn garments, so as to allow same to receive necessary repair.
6. Don't throw paper, nut shells or snow on floors or stairs.
7. Don't expectorate on floors or stairs.
8. Don't sit on the tables, desks or stamppies. Sit on chairs; don't tip back in chairs.
9. Don't insult your superiors.
10. Don't be late in line for work, meals, school or chapel.
11. Don't be disorderly during study hours.
12. Don't talk in line.
13. Don't be absent from shops, grounds or school, without permit.

14. Don't deface walls or wood-work with pencil, crayons, charcoal or knives.
15. Don't throw hand-towels, or soap, or anything else.
16. Don't slouch in going to school, work or chapel.
17. Must keep buttons on coat and coat buttoned up.
18. Don't break furniture or property belonging to the institution.
19. Don't smoke.
20. Don't swear or use indecent language.
21. Must be kind to smaller boys.
22. Must keep caps in cap-room; and clothing in clothing-room.
23. Don't fight.
24. Don't hang on the fences.
25. Don't loiter around the kitchen door.

### DO WELL, ALWAYS.

Dr. Chas. A. Leale, one of the consulting Physicians of this institution, was a caller on Sunday afternoon, and in company with Principal Currier, saw devotional exercises conducted by Prof. Fox in the chapel.

Louis Hatowsky, one of our Amateur photographers, not content with taking pictures of the pupils, took a bird-eye view of the green-house located on our grounds, and a snap shot of a train in motion on the L. Road, each of which turned out successful after developing.

In the window of Weber & Don, Chambers Street, has been displayed during the week a marvelously well-grown plant of cyclamen. It is only in a 6-inch pot, yet has a diameter of 20 inches. The contour and general makeup of the plant is remarkable. The strain is an excellent one. There are one hundred fully developed blooms and several hundred buds. This excellent plant was grown by Wm. Dickson, of the Deaf and Dumb Institution -- *The Florist*. W. G. SHANKS.

### "HOWARD GLYNDON."

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE DEAF POETESS WHO WROTE UNDER THAT PSEUDONYM.

(From the California News.)

Several years ago I received a quaint little envelope containing a quainter little missive, of which this, so far it is given, is a literal transcript: "I am a little girl of Santa Cruz and I admire your poems so much, though I have only seen them copied in the newspapers, that I ventured to ask for a line or two with your name. My mamma is Howard Glyndon."

That "mamma" should bear a masculine name might have been puzzling, had not my memory at once responded thereto, and certain bits of half-forgotten music been summoned by its magic to go ringing through my brain. I went to my book-case and took from its shelves a little volume, picked up, long since, at an old book-stall, bearing title "Idyls of Battle" and the name "Howard Glyndon." This veiled the identity of Laura C. Redden, a woman whose patriotic, tender and yet vigorous war lyrics were at once a solace and an inspiration to many brave souls who fought for us the battle of the civil war.

More recently, while searching for certain data through a file of musty old papers in a musty old office, I came across a notice of this same book, from which I give this extract: "A new firm here, Hurd & Houghton, is doing a good thing. Their latest book, 'Idyls of Battle,' is the best collection of war poems we have had. Its authoress is Miss Laura C. Redden ('Howard Glyndon') of Washington City. In issuing this book she received material assistance from President Lincoln, General Grant and other great guns. The lady's poems are the softest and most pathetic of the crisis—as far above the vapors of George H. Boker as one of Tennyson's Idyls surpasses one of Augustine Dugan's spluttering songs. I do not wish to give high praise without fair evidence, and so quote some stanzas from the volume. How sinewy is the subjoined:

"Show them how a brief defeat Hath its uses, give them to know How it fires the brain, the soul, with never heat; Failure's lowest depths we sound, Then, with terrible rebound, Up heights of triumph go our conquering feet."

Is not the following worthy a great name?

"O wishful eyes! that will not cease From gazing sadly after one Who went out in the dark alone— Although ye say he is at peace.

Even when we thought him most our own His crown was nearest to his brow, And he redeemed his early vow, And passed with all his armor on.

His gain exceedeth all our loss, We linger on these barren sands— He is a dweller in the lands Bequested the soldiers of the cross."

Miss Redden's poem, "The Latest War News," is probably the finest short piece written during the struggle. George Alfred Townsend, writing for the London serials, quoted it in Chamber's Edinburgh Journal, and it became so popular with John Bull that it traveled through his entire periodical press. While I in no wise agree with this reviewer in his estimate of "Howard Glyndon's" poems in comparison with those of George H. Boker, yet there can be no question as to her rank among the women-voices of that day. To those of the

present generation, to whom the name and fame of Howard Glyndon are comparatively unknown, I offer a brief sketch of the life of this gifted woman, who has dwelt for years past, alone save for her young daughter, in a little cottage upon a bluff overlooking the sunny waters of Santa Cruz; a quiet and unostentatious home it is, its chief—and best—adornment being in the souvenirs and memorials of travel, and of the great ones in art and literature, which it contains.

Laura Redden (Mrs. L. R. C. Searing) is a native of Maryland. Her mother, a Miss Waller, is said to have been a lineal descendant of Edmund Waller, the English wit and poet. While Laura was still a child, her parents removed to St. Louis, Mo. At the age of eleven an attack of cerebro-spinal meningitis, with brain fever, left her with life, indeed, but shut for life from speech and sound. Yet, as it were, in compensation, nature gave to her the gift of song, as she bestowed that of art upon our gifted young sculptor, Douglas Tilden. During the year which passed in the slow recovery of physical strength, the poor child brooded despairingly over the misfortune; her parents, meanwhile, seizing upon everything which offered a prospect of restoration. At least, she resigned herself to the inevitable, and took up the burden of her fate with a heroism worthy of all praise. She entered the Missouri Institute for Deaf-Mutes with the intention of acquiring the sign language and becoming a teacher of those similarly afflicted. She soon developed a wonderful proficiency in written language and composition, and at eighteen did editorial work on a religious paper, and had already attracted attention to poems and essays contributed to the Missouri Republican over the pen name of Howard Glyndon.

A year later, the breaking out of the civil war caused great reverses of family fortune, and the young girl, the second in a family of ten, "took the helm," and for some years was almost the sole support—either providing for or finding employment for the others—until the death of her mother caused other and greater changes.

During the early years of the war Miss Redden was in Washington as the correspondent of the Missouri Republican; and so strong and able an advocate was she of the Union cause that Southern sympathizers thought it worth while to find out who this stirring girl politician might be, and sought to silence her with ridicule; a method of warfare resulting only in their own defeat.

It was at this time that she published her book, "Idyls of Battle." The list of her friends and patrons, prefacing these poems, from the first name—Abraham Lincoln—to the last, is a nation's sole of honor! In the author's personal copy of this book, shown me during a visit to my home in August last, is an autograph letter of President Lincoln, of which I obtained this copy:

"At the request of the author I have glanced over these poems, and find them all patriotic, and some very pretty."

"A. LINCOLN."

August 29, 1864.

"Written by Abraham Lincoln, then President of the United States of America, upon the proof-sheets of 'Idyls of Battle,' and transferred by my hand to this published copy of the same."

LAURA C. REDDEN, (Howard Glyndon), CLARKE INSTITUTION, NORTHAMPTON, MASS., U. S. A., March 25, 1872.

Here also are autographs of General Grant, which speak for themselves, as well as showing that Miss Redden was not the only patriot soldier of her family, and that it was not the pen alone that was wielded in the cause:

"Headquarters Armies of the United States, City Point, Va., January 30, 1864— Pass Miss Laura C. Redden to Warren Point and return on the military railroad. Pass good until used."

C. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

In her "Idyls of Battle" Miss Redden had a tribute to Grant, "The Quiet Man," beginning:

There was no feasting when he marched away,  
No patriotic speeches;  
His calm belief in right had placed him where  
No egotism reaches.  
He was above them all—that motley crowd,  
Enthusiasts and pretenders,  
Who make long speeches, and who love to call  
Themselves their land's defenders!

I cannot refrain from referring here to her poems, "The Presidential Proclamation" and "Waiting for Victory." This last would be a fitting battle hymn for all time and every righteous cause:

Stars that are fixed may fall;  
Right shall endure!  
Darkness may cover all;  
Right shall endure!  
Right shall endure!  
Right shall endure!  
Let the world say its nay;  
Right shall endure!  
Let the false have its day;  
Right shall endure!  
Failure may block the way;  
Error may bring dismay—  
Fixed through the long delay,  
Right shall endure!

About this time (1864) Miss Redden published also with success a book on "Notable Men in the House of Representatives."

At the close of the war Miss Redden visited Europe; France and Italy claiming most of her term of absence, four years, during which she corresponded with leading East-

ern journals, besides being employed by the Department of Agriculture while in Italy to study and report upon orange and silk-worm cultures; two papers on these subjects are, as a result, incorporated in the reports of this bureau.

On her return to New York she was a regular contributor to the Evening Mail and Express and Roman Times, as well as to The Galaxy. In Harper's for the year 1884, there are an excellent sketch and portrait of Miss Redden.

With the opening of the Clarke Institute for the teaching of speech and lip-reading, Miss Redden took a two-years' course becoming later, in Boston, a pupil of Professor Bell, since famed for the invention of the telephone. She studied again at Mystic, Conn., and succeeded in regaining to a great degree the faculty of speech. While thus employed she wrote a series of articles under title of "The Children of Silence," in which she urged the teaching of speech in all schools for deaf-mutes—not, then as part of their training.

At this time also she translated from the French "Memoir d'un Petit Garcon," printed in 1869 by Hurd & Houghton, as "A Little Boy's Story."

In 1874, from the press of J. R. Osgood & Co., appeared a second volume of verse, "Sounds From Secret Chambers." In 1876 Miss Redden became the wife of the well-known New York lawyer, Edward W. Searing, and ten years later coming to California with the convention of instructors for the Deaf, fell under the spell of the State's scenery and climate and has since made her home in Santa Cruz.

Among Mrs. Searing's treasures is a volume containing autograph letters from many leading men of her time, and many from soldiers, strangers to her, written in hospital, tent and field, on drum-head, canteen or knapsack for desk, called forth by her patriotic songs. There are tears in these letters that are no shame to courage—which awaken answering tears. Here, too, alas, is a tribute from J. Wilkes Booth, written only a few nights before the assassination, which, being penciled, is so faded that I copy it.

Parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I would say good-night till it be  
morrow.  
With every wish for your good, and  
prayers for your happiness, I am, toujours,  
yours, J. WILKES BOOTH.

There is a leaf from the last Arctic journal of Dr. Kane, and— but space will not permit enumeration.

Howard Glyndon's second volume, "Sounds From Secret Chambers," is, in point of general poetic excellence, far superior to "Idyls of Battle." Here are lyrics as fresh and sweet as—to quote herself:

A morn fresh sprung from the loins of  
night,  
A song that is silver in all its rings,  
A heart that waketh for pure delight,  
And the first blue flower that April  
brings.

—and the melody of the verse, exquisite in any poet, becomes marvelous in one in whom it must be the memory of melody which sings. Listen to this from "Clytie Listening":

O, lovely and sufficing! fair wonder among  
women!

For lo! the gates of girlhood have softly  
closed behind thee—  
Why art thou lingering here, in the hush  
of roselined thickets.

Where the eyes of him that cometh shall  
surely seek and find thee?  
'Mongst the honey-hearted flowers his  
snares are set the thickest,  
And when thy feet are straying he shall  
surely take and find thee.

Not a myrtle spray hath rustled in the path-  
way by the fountain:  
The true dove hath not fluttered 'mid the  
ripe grapes overhead;

But her neck is bent the way that his distant  
feet are coming.  
Though she stands as still and dreamlike  
as a phantom of the dead;  
And the startled hart that hideth in the  
white rose of her bosom  
Behind its lovely fastness hath leapt—bath  
heard his tread.

And the opening, not the best stanza of the "Sicilian Midnight Madrigal":

In sleep's still mansion dost thou lie en-  
cloistered,  
Thou lily of my heart,  
By the cool dream-waters in the Hall of  
Shadows,  
Thy sweetness lived apart?

In relation to this poem there is an autograph letter from Bayard Taylor, from which I give an extract as being of too great value to withhold:

"All poems of pure fancy and sensation should be ballasted, or held to earth, by some bit of reality, a necessity which many poets never discover. Do you know, also, that women poets are astonishingly impatient of the coldblooded retouching and polishing, by means of which poems become rounded and complete? I want you to learn the rudimentary of poetry as its excitement. Try to think of poetry as an art, and each poem as a picture or statue, where the colors must be harmonious and the lines musically balanced."

Mrs. Searing relates some amusing anecdotes of her friend, Bayard Taylor, who was fond of fun and frolic. He was won't, when become portly, to pose as the "Dying Gladiator."

I recall no more beautiful Christmas lyric than "Howard Glyndon's" "Christmas Eve Chant of the Breton Peasants," too long to quote here, yet I wish it might be in the hands, as it would then be in the

hearts of all my readers. Indeed, I wish I might give copious extracts from these volumes, - copies of which are now so difficult to obtain, as the only way possible of doing justice to their author. One poem, only, a favorite of mine, I give entire, and leave the verdict with its readers if Santa Cruz is not the lovelier and richer by the presence there of this gifted daughter of song:

### DISARMED

Oh, love, so sweet at first:  
So bitter in the end!  
I name thee fairest foe,  
As well as fairest friend.  
Are these poor withered leaves  
The fruitage of thy May?  
Thou that wert so strong to save,  
How art thou swift to slay!

How art thou swift to slay,  
Despite thy clinging clasp,  
Thy long, caressing look,  
Thy subtle, thrilling grasp!  
Ay! swifter far to slay  
Than thou art strong to save,  
And selfish in thy need,  
And cruel as the grave!

Yes! cruel! as the grave—  
Go, go! and come no more!  
But canst thou set my heart  
Just where it was before?  
Go, leave me with my tears,  
The only gifts of thine  
That shall outlast the years.

Yet shall outlast the years,  
One other cherished thing,  
Slight as avagant plume,  
Shed from some passing wing:  
The memory of thy first  
Divine, half-timid kiss,  
Go! I forgive thee all  
In weeping over this!

—Ina Coolbrith, in S. F. Examiner.

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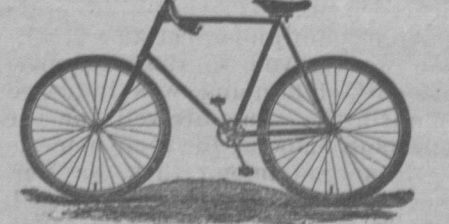
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